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ing his flivver to a kerosene bath and getting his demerol generally into condition for vernal enjoyment, it's 100 proof spring.

To the shopkeeper, observing a promising human curiosity among the more important sex toward straw hats and summer furs, it's spring without a discount.

To the fisherman, who finds angleworms two inches under ground, and who feels that the opening of the trout season will not be marred by the usual quantity of high snow water, it's a three pound spring with the hook fast in it.

Gold is where you find it. Spring is when it finds you.

Those Costly "Good Fellows."

The long strong arm of the Miller economy plan, which has so far brought the State budget about \$12,000,000 below last year's expenditures, has had to be merciless toward even those job holders who might be called the Benevolent Idle.

Two thousand men, whose only recommendation for office was that they are "good fellows" in the sight of some political boss, have been drawing about \$3,000,000 a year from the State. They are of a class which has been so familiar in politics since Andy Jackson's time that even the ordinary reformers have come to take them for granted. They are secretaries who never write or read, superintendents with nothing to oversee, bureau heads without bureaus. The title never matters, so long as the holder is paid and does not have to work.

The "good fellows" who have held these sinecures are to be separated from the payroll, thanks to Governor Miller's desire to bring the expenses of this State back to sanity. The "good fellows" ought to do well in other fields. A man who is so clever that he can make a great State pay him for doing nothing ought to be able to find an employer who will compensate such genius when it is directed into active channels.

No Governor of New York has ever before cut down until he touched the politicians' nerves. For that matter, no President of the United States has done it. No Mayor of this town, whether he was Tammany or Fusion, has done it. The "good fellows" of the preceding administration were sometimes put out, but other and more pliant or polite "good fellows" took their jobs. The sinecure was never abolished and it always found an occupant.

What Governor Miller is doing in this State may be of interest and value to the heads of other States that have suffered from similar parasitic diseases of the payroll. It certainly should attract attention in Washington. The Federal Government has been the victim, particularly since the first days of the war, of more "good fellow" graft than ever had been visited upon the Treasury.

If the President should direct each department head and that head in turn command the chiefs of his bureaus to strike from the payrolls every Federal employee whose services are not indispensable to the Government, what a slaughter and saving there would be! The cries of the fallen job holders and their aggrieved godfathers would be loud, but the cheers of the taxpayers would drown them.

As for New York city's civil list, we can hardly expect the Mayor, the Comptroller or the Borough Presidents to take pattern after Governor Miller. It would be a confession that they had gone more than three years without doing what they should have done. But there will be a city election next fall, and the incoming Mayor will have the opportunity to clean up the payrolls after the inspiring manner of the fearless Governor Miller.

Bolshevism and the Horse.

The presence of foreign buyers at the sale of trotting horses in this city may be accepted as evidence of a revival of interest abroad in our purely American product, the standard bred, some of the best specimens of which could be found in representative Russian, German, Austrian and Italian studs before the war.

No representatives of Russian or German studs are here at present, and it will be some time before any from Russia will be in our markets because of the social and economic conditions existing in that country. At one time Russia occupied an enviable position in the work of horse development, but since the revolution the Soviet Government, with a purpose difficult to fathom, has destroyed the breeding records of the great Orloff family, decimated and in some instances completely ruined the studs themselves, and given vent to its hatred of all things American by killing off or reducing to menial tasks the fine stallions imported from the United States at great cost by such progressive breeders as the late Nicholas Trounev and Count Varn-Stroff-Dashkoff, the greatest of all Russian horsemen, who died just before the war and thus escaped the affliction of seeing his favorites killed or abused.

As for the horses of Mr. Trounev, who dropped dead at the close of an appeal to save the horse breeding industry of Russia, one of his best stallions, Bob Douglass, 2:04 1/2, by Todd, 2:14 1/2, is in the care of Madame TATIANA Trounev, who is in charge of a so-called Soviet stud, though horse breeding as it was formerly carried on in Russia, is unknown. Such American horses as General H., 2:04 1/2, and Baldy McGregory, 2:06 1/2, were at three years of age impressed into the cavalry of

the Reds, although they had cost their owner \$20,000 and \$35,000 respectively.

The Russian trotter known as the Orloff, after Count Orloff, the original, had been developed to a point where practically all of the breed had 2:30 speed. They had not only speed at the trot but a lightness of foot and a symmetry of form inherited from their great ancestor, the gray Arabian sire Smetanka, which was imported into Russia in 1774. Some authorities say that this horse and a few Danish mates were the nucleus of a splendid family of horses which it will take half a century to restore to its former glory. There are some who declare that the Orloff as a national type is eliminated for all time.

ROMAN PHAVOVSKI, a former expert in animal husbandry at Petrograd, in a letter to the Horse Review draws a striking picture of the horse as he exists in Russia. The great Orloff stallion Krepsh, with a record of 2:08 3/4, the finest of his kind, a fleet, honest racehorse, noted for his beauty, was bred to the point of exhaustion by the peasant soviet and driven to a common cab until he died. One of our own champions, the renowned Crescenzo, 2:02 1/4, was saved from the hands of the Bolsheviks by death shortly before the opening of the war. But he, too, was ill treated as he was raced through the streets of Petrograd at the age of twenty-one and left standing without cover in the icy blasts of winter. Sold to a Russian living in the interior, the bulldog son of Robert McGregory, which showed his quality as a three-year-old by beating the old horses in split heat races at Fleetwood Park and elsewhere and subsequently achieved the stallion crown, died far away from the scene of his triumphs.

Although the locality changed greatly in character and most of the families of his early parishioners moved away, Dr. DUNNELL remained up to the time of his retirement faithful to his duties at All Saints'. It was a pleasant custom in the old church that members of many of these old families to the third or fourth generation would come back each year to attend the Easter services. The most memorable of these occasions was the Easter when Dr. DUNNELL retired. Then All Saints' seemed to blossom out in all the glory of its past.

The Indemnity Division.

Claims presented to the Reparations Commission against Germany were set forth recently in an official statement as follows:

England	\$24,230,000,000
France	43,705,000,000
Italy	14,840,000,000
Belgium	7,325,000,000
Japan	416,335,000

Total \$90,516,335,000

This total, almost \$90,000,000,000 larger than the aggregate indemnity of \$50,000,000,000 fixed at the London conference, includes no claims from the United States. That our claims, nearly as high a figure as England's, can be seen from the following table of cross war costs prepared by Senator SPENCER for the information of the Senate:

United States	\$44,173,948,000
Great Britain	51,062,634,000
France	54,272,315,000
Italy	16,850,847,000
Belgium	8,174,781,000
China	565,376,000
Japan	481,818,000

Total \$177,402,269,000

But if there were such a desire there could be no hope that this country could collect the total of its war costs or even a respectable part of them from Germany or from anybody. Not only are we making no claim in the way of reparation payments, but also the desirable territory taken from Germany has been acquired by mandatory Powers other than the United States.

All this, it is stoutly maintained by the defenders of the Treaty of Versailles and by its beneficiaries, has been done strictly in accordance with the provisions of that pact. If so, then the only unappropriated privilege under the treaty is the "right" of this country to substitute the crest of the League of Nations for the Great Seal of the United States.

A Link With Old New York.

The Rev. Dr. WILLIAM NICHOLAS DUNNELL, whose death at the advanced age of 96 was reported yesterday, was an interesting link between Colonial and Revolutionary New York and the Greater New York of the twentieth century.

In 1825, when Dr. DUNNELL, the son of a prominent New York physician of his day, was born, in Broome street out on the slope overlooking the East River, his birthplace was in one of the most fashionable residential sections of the city. On Grand, Division and Henry streets rolled the rich turnouts of wealthy New Yorkers. Here was the favorite promenade of the belles and beaux of the time. It was only a short stroll to the foot of Pike street, where they were still discussing the venture—ROBERT FULTON had tried his crazy scheme of building a steamboat, and where the Savannah had docked after its memorable trip across the ocean, and it was perhaps a still more pleasant walk past the rose beds in front of the Quaker homes on Market street—it had only recently changed its name from George, given in honor of the British King—for a breath of sea air from the Bay and a view of Brooklyn Heights.

When Dr. DUNNELL was a boy his elders were still talking of British soldiers at Bowling Green, and of pulling down the statue of Royal George. There were those among them who knew WASHINGTON when he was their neighbor over on Cherry Hill. Dr. WITT CLINTON had but recently died, but AARON BURR was alive and his duel with ALEXANDER HAMILTON was still too live a subject of conversation to be mere history. Of all these things Dr. DUNNELL, with his strongly retentive memory and vivid recollection, talked often entertainingly even to a short time before his death.

To the part of the city where he was born and where he spent his boyhood he gave most of the years of his active life. Some time after his ordination he became rector of All Saints' Episcopal Church, at Henry and Schenck streets. It had then members of many old New York families among its parishioners, and the church had begun to take on an air of historical importance. It was then the third oldest church in the city. To this day it still retains the slave gallery where the body ser-

vants of the worshippers sat, its early Colonial glass windows, its hand-hewn ceiling timbers and its old pews.

Dr. DUNNELL, aside from his duties as rector, took a great interest in all the social and political activities of the neighborhood. He knew personally in the early days of his pastorate practically every family. It was in this way that he met WILLIAM M. TWEN early in the beginning of the career of both. TWEN was a pupil in the school held at All Saints'. Today the window pane on which he scratched his name and that of "Polly" is carefully preserved in the rectory. It is a tradition of All Saints' that TWEN, although a fugitive, attended the funeral service of his mother in the church. In order that he might do this the funeral was held in the middle of the night. TWEN, according to tradition, crossed the East River in a rowboat, slipped into the gallery of the church and from there followed the rites. At the conclusion of the ceremony, seeing an officer of the law awaiting him, he escaped through a window and regained his hiding place.

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Still a Mystery.

No Light on the Fate of the Collier Cyclops After Three Years.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: This month marks the third anniversary of the strange disappearance of the United States mail collier Cyclops, which sailed from West India for an Atlantic port in March, 1918. She carried a crew of 211, fifteen officers and fifty-seven passengers, of whom Alfred L. W. Gottschalk, United States Consul-General at Rio Janeiro, was the only civilian. The others were two naval lieutenants and fifty-four enlisted men who were returning to the United States.

The ship's disappearance remains the greatest maritime mystery of the war, and bids fair to remain unsolved in spite of all the Navy Department has done and is doing to solve it. Up to a short time after the signing of the armistice there were a few persons who hoped that the Cyclops had been captured by a German merchant raider, but the German Admiralty soon dispelled this glimmer of hope by announcing that such had not been the case.

It is not easy to understand how it was possible for the collier, equipped with powerful radio apparatus, to disappear quickly enough to prevent her operator from sending out calls for help. It is understood, however, that no distress signal from the Cyclops was picked up. Neither were ships sent by the Navy Department able to find any wreckage.

Whether or not a notice printed in a Rio paper two days after the disappearance of the ship had been reported had any direct bearing on the mystery is hard to say. The notice announced that a mass of debris had been picked up in a Rio harbor for the repose of the soul of Consul Gottschalk. The names of the Consul's friends appeared at the bottom, but investigation showed that none of them knew about the mass or who inserted the notice. AMERICAN.

New York, March 15.

Restaurant Prices.

Statistical Study of a Ten Cent Plate of Bean Soup.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: The other day I bought a plate of bean soup in a cheap restaurant in lower New York, for which I was charged ten cents. There were by actual count forty-two beans and one black eye pea, which probably got into the plate by accident. With this soup I got two pieces of very hard rye bread, a glass of water, a toothpick and a paper napkin and the check from the waitress.

Now beans can be purchased, as I am informed, for six or seven cents a pound. Bread is now reduced in price and I am with powerful radio apparatus, to disappear quickly enough to prevent her operator from sending out calls for help. It is understood, however, that no distress signal from the Cyclops was picked up. Neither were ships sent by the Navy Department able to find any wreckage.

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Interesting St. Louis.

Works of the Mound Builders and Their Modern Successors.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: St. Louis, contrary to general belief, is a most interesting city.

In prehistoric times the forgotten race of the Mound Builders chose the river bluffs along the Mississippi for their dwellings and for their burial places. These old earth works which have given St. Louis fame as the Mound City, and the great Cahokia Mound, just across the river, still stands to interest the traveler.

The old beguined Court House on Broadway, where Dred Scott's case for freedom was begun and where slavery was once auctioned, has thus far withstood the march of progress. The famous levee has perhaps changed but little since the days of Mark Twain, and the Eads Bridge across the Mississippi was one of the first of the great bridges in America.

In beautiful Forest Park the world's fair of 1904 was held, and today it is but a beautiful memory and the art museum alone remains as a reminder of 1904.

MOUND CITY.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., March 15.

For Mr. Hays's Attention.

An Instance of Impaired Efficiency in the Postal Service.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: The post office here recently cut the delivery service to two days and I am told this was done to take three carriers off the city routes and place them in the office, where they are certainly not needed.

Sterling as a Barometer.

The European Situation as Forecast by Foreign Exchange.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: I want to congratulate you on your editorial article headed "Foreign Exchange Indications," in which you point out how the movement of the exchange forecasts coming events. It is able and to the point.

What I can't, however, quite figure out is the statement that foreign exchange experts are waiting for the foreign exchange market "to tell them what the invasion of Germany really means." Sterling at the highest point in a year—this in the face of the break up of the conference in London—surely we have the answer right there. Surely we have there the plainest sort of indication of a settlement—perhaps an early settlement—of the trouble.

Sterling up from \$3.19 to the pound is over \$2.60 and still going strong. If anywhere this talk about the coming "bankruptcy of Europe" is taken seriously, it isn't among the international money powers! FRANKLIN BUCHHEIM.

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Owing to the miserable service resulting I never receive this New York Herald on a day of publication and not before 9 A. M. and sometimes later the day following. Friday's paper had not arrived at 10 A. M. on Saturday.

Oscar Seagle in Songs of France

Barytone Receives Hearty Applause From Town Hall Audience for His Singing.

Oscar Seagle, barytone, gave a recital of songs last evening in the Town Hall. His programme was chiefly of lyrics from the rich repertoire of France, but the final group comprised numbers by Gatty, H. O. Osgood, Richard Haseman and Lillian Strickland. Mr. Seagle, who is an established favorite in this city, had a large audience, and his singing received much and hearty applause.

It might be profitable to many of the thousands of students of vocal art now laboring here to listen to the singing of Mr. Seagle. Few artists have such command of tone and all its gradations as he has. His voice is not one of the powerful weight nor of the very rich timbre. But it has a singularly agreeable quality, light, aerial and floating, and this is heightened by a skill in tone production and in breath management which belongs only to an artist of fine accomplishments.

Much of the beauty of Mr. Seagle's delivery rests on his knowledge of French and his skill in carrying it down far into the medium and blending it with the lower notes. His diction is easy and natural, neat and not over-drawn. In the matter of style he is quite a master. He sings French songs perhaps not exactly as a consummate French chante